

ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK—A GAME OF FAN-TAN IN A GAMBLING DEN IN MOTT STREET.

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

Nov. 10—Oliver Goldsmith born—1728.
" 11—Martinmas.
" 12—Charles Kemble, actor, died—1854.
" 13—William Pitt, painter, died—1849.
" 14—Samuel Seabury, first American bishop, consecrated—1784.
" 15—William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, born—1708.
" 16—John Bright born—1811.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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THE CURSE OF DRINK.

WHATEVER may be one's opinion regarding the wisdom or efficacy of prohibiting by statute the sale of intoxicating liquors, it has never been disputed that the use of them, if used they are, should be regulated by reason, conscience, education, or even by law when indulgence leads to encroachments on the rights of others, or to serious, undeniable injury of the person himself who uses them. Nor, whatever may be said in favor of the bracing influence of alcohol administered under certain pathological conditions, can it be doubted that grave damage is inflicted on a community by the custom of offering alcoholic beverages at dinners, balls, and almost all social and convivial entertainments.

We are aware that chemists and physiologists differ widely as to the effect of a moderate and carefully measured consumption of alcohol, and as to the part which stimulants in general have played in the history of the race. At this moment a discussion of this subject by men acknowledged to be qualified by study and observation to speak with some authority, is going on in the columns of the London press. What may be called the ethnological and geographical record of intoxicating agents is also curious and suggestive; but none of the data and deductions put forward by the advocates of a sparing recourse to them impugn the patent and unchallenged facts, first, that excessive indulgence entails intellectual and moral decay; and secondly, that our social traditions and usages, and the prevailing current of public sentiment not only tolerate but encourage an amount of drinking quite indefensible on any theory of hygiene. He who finds himself continually invited by those whom he respects to partake of alcoholic compounds, can scarcely be expected to debar himself from resorting to like stimulants in solitude, and he who has once formed the habit of solitary drinking is almost certain to become a drunkard.

There have been made of late years some very interesting investigations of the physiological action of alcohol. For the most important contribution to our knowledge of the subject we are indebted to Dr. PARKES, who undertook a long series of observations of soldiers living on a uniform diet, first with and afterwards without the use of alcohol. In these experiments the pulse, the weight and temperature of the body, and the amount of nitrogen in the secretions, were all determined daily. The results of these researches were as follows: First,

as to the effect of alcohol given in small doses. It was noticed that the elimination of nitrogen during exercise was unaffected by brandy, and since a similar phenomenon was observed in a number of experiments made during rest, it seems certain that in healthy men on uniformly good diet, alcohol administered in small quantities does not interfere with the disintegration of nitrogenous tissues. It was also found that the heat of the body, as judged of by the axilla and rectum temperature, was unaffected by the amount of the stimulant given. The inference was that the apparent heat experienced after taking alcohol must be owing to subjective feelings connected with the quickened circulation rather than to an actual rise of temperature. On the other hand, it was demonstrated that by four ounces of brandy the pulse was increased in frequency, and palpitation and breathlessness were brought on by larger doses to such an extent as greatly to lessen the amount of work the man could do and to render quick movements impossible. As the effect of labor under any circumstances is to augment the strength and frequency of the heart's action, it would appear obviously detrimental to act on the heart still more intensely by alcohol. Now, it will be acknowledged by every candid observer that persons who habitually take wine or beer at their meals consume at least four ounces of alcohol daily, and probably more, and are therefore continually passing the danger limit.

Although the effects of alcohol are familiar, it is well to recall them when we would measure the strength of the tendency of excessive indulgence to become a habit. The action of this stimulant on the average human being is first to fill him with a serene and delightful self-complacency. His feelings and his faculties are for the moment exalted into a state of great activity and buoyancy, so that his language becomes enthusiastic and his conversation vivacious if not brilliant. Gradually, however, if the indulgence be continued, the senses become dulled, a soft humming seems to fill the pauses of the conversation and to modify the tones of the speaker, a filmy haze obscures the vision, the head seems lighter than usual, and the equilibrium is disturbed. By and by objects appear double, or flit confusedly before the eyes; the exercise of judgment is suspended, the power of reticence is annihilated, and the victim of drink throws forth all that is within him in unrestrained communicativeness; he becomes boisterous, ridiculous, and sinks at length into a mere animal. Every person and everything around him, the houses, trees, even the earth itself, seem drunken and unstable, while in his own eyes he alone seems sober, till at last the final state is reached, and he falls on the ground insensible—dead drunk, as it is called—an apoplectic state from which, after profound slumber, he at last emerges exhausted, feverish, sick and giddy, with ringing ears and a violent headache.

It has been discovered that the toxic action of alcohol in large doses primarily affects the cerebral lobes, after which the other parts of the cerebro-spinal system are consecutively involved, till in the stage of dead drunkenness the only parts not invaded by a benumbing paralysis are those automatic centers in the medulla oblongata, which regulate and maintain the circulation and respiration. Even these centers are not wholly unaffected; the paralysis of these, as of the other sections of the cerebro-spinal system, varies in its incompleteness and at times becomes complete, the coma of drunkenness terminating in death. More usually the intoxicant is gradually eliminated and the individual is restored to consciousness—a consciousness disturbed, however, by the secondary results of the agent he has abused. In every case the stomach suffers directly or indirectly through the nervous system. Nutrition, consequently, is interfered with by the defective ingestion of food as well as by the mal-assimilation of that which is ingested. To this cause, as well as to the peculiar local action of the poison, are due the various organic degenerations which, in most instances, shorten the drunkard's days.

It is not only the agreeableness of the first effects of alcohol which fosters the habit of inebriety. An outcome of universal experience is embodied in the proverb which affirms the remedial efficacy of a hair of the dog which bit you. There is no doubt that the primary discomforts which follow drunkenness may be readily removed for the time by a repetition of the exciting cause. Thus what was an isolated act may easily pass into a habit, all the more easily that each repetition more and more enfeebles the judgment and the will until they become utterly unable to resist the temptation to indulgence supplied by the knowledge of the temporary relief to suffering which is sure to ensue, and in spite of the consciousness that each renewal of the act will only forge the drunkard's chains more tightly. From this condition there is no hope of relief but in enforced abstinence. Any one in this condition must be regarded as temporarily insane, and ought to be placed in an inebriate asylum till he regains sufficient self-control to enable him to overcome his love for drink. The usefulness of inebriate asylums is not impeached by the statistics recently published in the *North American Review* to the effect that only a limited fraction of the patients consigned to them are per-

manently cured. If the proportion of cures were only twenty-five per cent., such a result would amply justify the existence of such institutions. Even where no permanent cure has been effected, an interval of rest has at least been secured, the habit of inebriety has been weakened by interruption, and the life of the patient has undoubtedly been prolonged. Whether the administration of the chloride of gold, about which we have heard so much of late, really causes the confirmed inebriate to acquire a positive distaste and even loathing for alcohol, is a question which many medical authorities are inclined to answer in the negative, though it must be acknowledged that the array of testimony brought forward by those who have personally tried the remedy is exceedingly impressive.

The amount of destitution and misery which can be traced directly to drunkenness is appalling. From this point of view the Prohibitionists do not in the least exaggerate the facts. In England, for example, the enormous proportion of the national earnings expended on strong drink is attested by the imposing contributions to the imperial exchequer derived from excise duties, and it is certain that by far the greater part of the stupendous outlay for drink represents a consumption of alcohol which even the defender of moderate and careful drinking would admit to be excessive. Hundreds of millions of dollars which, if invested in the necessities of life, would materially promote the well-being of the English community, are wasted every year upon strong drink. The direct relation of excessive indulgence in alcohol to crime, and especially to crimes of violence, is a notorious fact in medical jurisprudence. It is now about a hundred and seventy years since the pernicious habit of gin-drinking struck root among the lower classes of English society, and the social and moral devastation which has been caused by it is incalculable. The historian LECKY has remarked that, small as is the place which the introduction of a taste for gin occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous event of the eighteenth century—incomparably more momentous than any incident in the purely political or military annals of Great Britain. The medical faculty were not slow to perceive that with the increased use of gin the growth of poverty and disease kept pace among the poor of the capital. The Bishop of Gloucester, writing in 1752, attributed to the immoderate and almost universal drinking of Geneva the fact that there was not only no safety in the metropolis, but scarcely even in the country, robbery and murder had grown so frequent. He declared that the English people had become what they never before were, cruel and inhuman, their very nature having been changed by the accursed spirituous drinks, which, to the shame of the Government, were so easily to be had and were consumed in such vast quantities. The Bishop predicted that, if the habit of immoderate drinking continued, it would annihilate the race itself. It was, we may remind the reader, the horrible effects of gin which he beheld everywhere around him that furnished HOGARTH with the revolting details brought out in his picture of "Gin Lane." FIELDING, the novelist, in a pamphlet disclosing the increase of crime, published about the middle of the last century, declared that gin constituted the chief sustenance of more than one hundred thousand people in the British capital alone, and said that if the habit of drunkenness continued for twenty years longer to increase at the same rate, there would be few left among the lower classes to drink at all. What was true in FIELDING's time is true to-day. It is, to be sure, no longer considered the acme of good breeding to be able to drink six bottles at a sitting, as it was a hundred years ago; but the figures recently submitted to Parliament by Mr. GOSCHEN showed that there never was such excessive indulgence in strong drink among the masses of the English people as there is now. Nor is the curse of drunkenness confined to the British Isles. It produces effects equally widespread and calamitous in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, the extreme north of Germany, and in some parts of the United States. The number of places licensed for the sale of spirituous liquors in the city of New York alone would astound those unfamiliar with the statistics, and it is notorious that the unlicensed sale of drink is carried on upon an enormous scale. The amount of poverty, wretchedness and crime which in the American metropolis can be traced immediately to drunkenness, is almost beyond belief.

There is, as we have intimated, a noteworthy relation between the consumption of alcohol and geographical and ethnological conditions. The craving for stimulants of some sort is one of the strongest instincts of human nature, but the same kind of stimulants is by no means desired everywhere and by everyone. Within the isothermal lines of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, north and south of the heat equator, the natives seek from opium or haschisch the quiet introspective self-complacency to which they give the name of *keff*. On the other hand, between the isothermal lines of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, north and south, lie the regions where the grapevine grows luxuriantly, and here riotous intemperance, though still comparatively rare, is no longer regarded as

the disgraceful social crime it is considered in the tropics. Beyond the isotherms of fifty degrees Fahrenheit, north and south, the vine is no longer grown to any appreciable extent; hence strong beers and spirituous liquors become the widespread sources of a deeper intoxication, which too often terminates in crime, a result almost unknown in the southern latitudes. The influence of race upon intemperance is even more strongly marked than that of temperature. A glance at the map of the world, coupled with some knowledge of its history, reveals that wherever the Teuton lives, whether in temperate, sub-tropical or tropical regions, there drunkenness prevails; and the wild orgies in which TACITUS tells us the Teutons of his day indulged in the cold climate of northern Europe, are reproduced under our own eyes with wonderful circumstantiality irrespective of climate or temperature. In view of this indisputable fact, one of the advocates of a moderate use of alcohol, as distinguished from other intoxicants, has undertaken to maintain the paradox that a national love for strong drink is a characteristic of the nobler and more energetic population of the world; that it accompanies public and private enterprise, constancy of purpose, liberality of thought and aptitude for war. As a matter of fact, however, the individual Teutons who have rendered the greatest services to their race in the several fields of intellectual endeavor, have not in the great majority of cases been persons addicted to an immoderate use of alcoholic beverages.

It is probable that such optimistic views of the relation between the characteristic virtues of certain races and an inherited proclivity to an excessive consumption of alcohol have been productive of considerable harm. We are also inclined to think that the arguments put forward by physicians to justify the use of alcohol in small doses for medicinal purposes, are sometimes turned to mischievous account by those to whom alcohol is a poison, and who cannot take a drop of it with impunity. The deductions drawn by self-indulgent people from the assertions made by some sociologists and physiologists run counter to common observation and common sense. Every reasonably healthy person knows that his physical and intellectual vigor is sustainable without the help of stimulants, and that, therefore, he is not a wise man but a fool who deliberately and habitually puts an enemy in his mouth that may steal away his brains.

Public opinion in all civilized countries not only justifies but demands the regulation of the sale of alcoholic compounds by the State. It is only the extent to which the regulation is carried which varies; the principle is universally upheld. Not only in the United Kingdom, but in France, Germany and Russia it would be impossible to meet the national expenditure without the proceeds of the tax levied on the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors. It is well known that a considerable part of the income of our Federal Government is derived from the same source. The cost also of maintaining municipal administrations is largely defrayed by licenses granted for the sale of wine, beer and spirits. Such excise duties, however, represent the minimum interference of the State with the use of alcohol. At the other end of the scale stands the complete statutory prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages which obtains in several of our American commonwealths, and conspicuously in Maine, Iowa and Kansas. It is less generally known that in one European country, formerly notorious for drunkenness, a middle course has been adopted between absolute prohibition and the method of regulation by excise and license.

In the Swedish city of Gothenburg, an important commercial emporium, the evils of intemperance had reached such a pitch that public sentiment demanded some rigorous measure of reform, which, while stopping short of entire prohibition, might signally improve the condition of the community. There was devised, accordingly, the so-called Gothenburg System, by which the right of manufacturing and selling alcoholic beverages was withdrawn from private citizens, and vested directly in the municipality. It was arranged that wine, beer and spirits should be sold in only a small number of places, each of which should be conducted by a public functionary. The alcoholic beverages dispensed were to be of the best quality and sold at a very small advance upon their cost. In all such places, moreover, tea and coffee, and an abundance of wholesome food, were to be supplied almost gratuitously. This system has now been enforced a good many years, and it has transformed Gothenburg from the most riotous and immoral of Baltic seaports into an orderly and peaceful town. Its example has been followed by many other Swedish municipalities, and many English temperance reformers advocate a modified application of the Gothenburg scheme throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

Whatever may be thought by Prohibitionists of this particular system, the course pursued in Gothenburg undoubtedly bears witness to a recognition of the principle that intemperance is a deadly enemy of society, and, to be effectually grappled with, requires the direct intervention of the State. Wherever on either side of the Atlantic the public conscience is most thoroughly awakened, the most strenuous, persistent, and ultimately successful efforts will be made to arrest and minimize, if not to extinguish, the evils of strong drink.

AMERICA'S IDEA OF HER ATLANTIC DEFENSES.

"COLUMBIA needs no bulwarks
To frown along the steep,
While all the fleets of all the world
Are bound her peace to keep."

THE revised edition of the old British ballad is open to criticism, but, like President LINCOLN's wooden model of the monitor, "there is something in it." The subject of our national defenses has not been beyond the grasp of the reading and thinking part of the citizens of the United States. They have had it brought before them continually, by generals of the army, by admirals of the navy, by orators in Congress, by editors of journals, and, every now and then, by little squalls in our foreign affairs which have served as illustrations for all the printed arguments. Nevertheless, through many tongues and pens, the accusation has been freely made that our people are blind to the manifest perils of their seaboard and of their commercial interests.

The truth is that the course which we have pursued as a nation is not the fruit of either blindness or indifference. There is among all great popular masses a faculty of unexpressed thought which resembles instinct and which practically amounts to a kind of sight.

During an entire generation it has been well understood by Americans that all Europe was expending vast sums, annually, upon forts and ships and so forth, while we were spending little or nothing in comparison, and that the entire outlay was in effect experimental, resulting in a long series of improvements. There has, therefore, been a general and even sluggish willingness to wait awhile, and to withhold any considerable waste of American money until the latest and best patterns of everything warlike should be invented—quite possibly by Americans. Apart from this canny economy, however, is an unformulated, half-instinctive understanding that forts and ships are not our first and best defense against positive aggression or assault by any European power. Something like an analysis of this popular perception discovers in it several elements.

I. Americans are constitutionally averse to violence and are accustomed to abhor militarism. It is not easy for them to understand how any foreign power could forget the Ten Commandments and wickedly make war upon a distant republic whose dominant wish, plainly stated, is to preserve peace with all the world. It is to be noted, however, that whenever an American dwells imprudently long upon this division of the general subject, he begins to read the Navy Department reports and to take an increased interest in the performances of the new cruisers.

II. Americans are well aware of the costliness of modern wars. They know that the cost includes pensions and other expenses which go on increasing after everybody who had anything to do with the war is dead and buried. They are informed that the several nations of Europe are already carrying heavy burdens of taxation; that the several national debts are large; that European national bonds are, for the greater part, slow of sale upon any market; and they believe that no European treasury could wisely, or would willingly, put out the thousand million dollars or so of bonds which would be only the beginning of its outlay for a struggle with the United States. At the same time they suppose other people to know that this country could lend its Government as much money as it might need, and as rapidly, without asking a dollar from any money market but our own.

III. Americans are by no means ignorant of the great capacity and sterling common sense of the statesmen who are generally in control of European affairs. It is difficult to imagine such a man as is usually selected for a prime minister, for instance, running his state-machine suddenly and uselessly into a nominally transatlantic collision, which would surely become, in large part, a disastrous collision with his own budget.

IV. When Americans turn, at any time, from their over-close inspection of their own business, and glance across the sea, they discern only a few powers capable of doing much injury to the United States, even while wrecking themselves. Their strongest and governing impression is given them by the position of England, recognized as possessing the greatest destructive capacity, so far as we are concerned, but also believed to be the first in practical good sense, without any need for considering kinships or good will. It seems plain, with reference to war consequences which are beyond estimate, that New York is as much a British port as Liverpool, and about as likely to be shut up by a British fleet. It might be that a closed New York means also a closed Baltic, a closed Black Sea, and shortly a closed Red Sea. The same vague popular instinct which accepts this idea applies it in a very indefinite manner to France also and to other powers.

V. There is, moreover, an American idea of the defenses and security of the United States, which takes into liberal account the little which is dimly comprehended in this country concerning the problematical something known as the "balance of power" in Europe, and of the continually evident international hates, fears and jealousies. Nobody here has entirely forgot-

ten why neither England nor France, nor both combined, could see their way to do any more than they did during our Civil War. We remember that the administrations of those powers, at that time, were kept at bay by no fear of the crippled republic, but by their perception of perils which appeared in other directions, the moment that President LINCOLN set before them the alternative of an open rupture with the United States. The condition of even Asiatic and African affairs developed as an important ally of America.

VI. The American perception of some phases of the general subject was recently illustrated fairly well. There is no knowledge whatever here concerning Italian politics, but it was understood that an Italian prime minister was under a political necessity. That is, with reference to elections of some kind he required the manufacture of somewhat for effect in buncombe. Almost any American could appreciate and even sympathize, although there was some natural curiosity as to why the Italian people themselves should become patriotic over the banditti they were so well rid of. This was followed by surprise and almost by irritation that the matter should go so far as it did, and there was a question in some minds if, after all, the campaign necessities of the Italian Government might not lead it into difficulties. Accompanying and modifying all other views of the situation, however, was a clearer than customary reasoning that England and all the rest would not be willing to pay too much out of their own pockets for a few lost lazzaroni. Mr. BLAINE's cool indifference was watched, and was read very intelligently. He was supposed to know how far the several powers so deeply interested would permit the avenger of the Mafia martyrs to go. It was not generally believed, at any moment, that the supposed electioneering requirements of Italian politicians could be allowed to close the port of New York, and play havoc with British, French, German and other commercial and financial affairs. At the same time, the capacity of the Italian iron-clads, should they ever get here, was freely admitted.

VII. Without any attempt to estimate at their full value and in all their complicated bearings the several elements of the security which has endured so well, we have nevertheless been enabled to recognize a probable peril from which we have no adequate protection. The possible insanity of some second-class European power is hardly felt as an incentive, but we see what danger to us might come out of a great transatlantic confusion. Taking the wisest men of Europe for our advisers, there is a likelihood of a gigantic convulsion of the entire Old World, with its European-Asiatic-African forces in mad collision with each other. In the tumults of such a chaos, prudences and justices might be lost sight of. Existing interests might even disappear. For one example, it might become needful that the United States should powerfully re-enforce a British fleet operating as an American fleet and keeping open the only remaining line of transportation for the food supply of the British Isles. It might happen, indeed, that the United States should be the only great power remaining in perfect security. In that case, our defenses, on land and sea, would have to be altogether of our own making and management. All this offers an explanation of America's increasing disposition to construct forts, cast guns, study torpedoes—but especially to build powerful cruisers armed with the most destructive appliances.

VIII. The fermentation has manifestly reached the minds of American inventors, and there is no telling what they may do. We have already given to the world a number of its most valuable war-models, some of which have been borrowed or copied, while some others have not. Among the latter, perhaps the most notable is the American idea that one national war-debt should be, in the main, paid off before piling up another. This invention has found no favor in Europe.

On the whole, the American people believe that we have been, and are, and will be, pretty well defended. They have altogether unbounded confidence in their own as yet unexercised naval and military capacity, not doubting that other nations also perceive it fairly well. At the same time, their general feeling will justify the next Congress in making liberal appropriations for cruisers and for harbor fortifications.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

FRENCH smokers, in 1890, consumed cigars, cigarettes, snuff and pipe tobacco to the value of 134,600,000 francs. This is a very large figure, and shows that our Gallic friends are devoted to the soothing weed. But here is a postscript which cannot fail to interest femininity. There was an increase of seven hundred thousand francs in expenditure for ladies' cigarettes! Hey! How imagination conjurs up ruby lips puckered like rosebuds, while rings of opal-colored smoke soft as a baby's sigh soar upward.

YOU can breakfast in Gotham and dine at Niagara. This is going it. The new lightning express enables you to perform this feat, all at your ease, too, upon any day in the week. What about breakfasting in Gotham and—say supping in the World's Fair building? This may be on the rails in 1893, for aught we know to the contrary. Next!

RUSSIA would appear to have realized that the relentless hand of Famine is at the throats of her people. The national coffers have been opened; the royal family has contributed a very large sum; State balls have been countermanded; meetings to raise funds are held everywhere; the Red Cross Society is making house-to-house collections; the women are raising famine funds; the rank and file of the army are contributing; students in the universities are foregoing their annual dinners that their contributions may be larger, and money is flowing in to the distributing committees from every direction. It is not money but food that must be taken to the greater part of the famine district, and Heaven grant that succor does not arrive too late! Twenty-five million people, most of them tillers of the soil, live in a part of eastern and southeastern Russia. In this large region the total or partial failure of the crops is now causing the suffering of famine. The northwestern limit of the greatest wretchedness is the province of Nijni Novgorod, whose chief town, of the same name, is famous for its annual fair. Through this province flows the greatest river in Europe, the Volga, still winding its way eastward before it turns abruptly to the south to make its way to the Caspian Sea. Along both banks of the mighty river for about eight hundred miles, or separated from it by a narrow strip of country, lie the provinces where the severest distress prevails. Other provinces also are affected, and the entire eastern half of Russia, even to the borders of Siberia, is involved in the misery that follows upon calamitous harvests; but the part of Russia inhabited by most of the people who are actually starving, lies along or near her greatest navigable highway in its middle and lower course. Several million persons must be fed by the hand of charity during the rigorous Russian winter, or they will perish. It is estimated that at the very least one hundred million dollars will be required to relieve suffering and supply the farmers with seed.

AT noon, on Tuesday last, the big double-turreted monitor *Miantonomoh*, the first real battleship of Uncle SAM's new navy, was put in commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Her mission is the protection of New York harbor. The *Miantonomoh* was constructed about the close of the war, and was one of the most formidable ships in the navy. She was built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and originally her hull was of oak. She was two hundred and fifty-seven feet long, fifty-three feet broad, and drew fifteen feet four and one-half inches. Her iron armor was bolted on over her hull. In 1872 she was rebuilt in iron. She has been in the Navy Yard since 1883 undergoing repairs or alteration. She is now two hundred and fifty-nine and one-half feet long and fifty-five and one-half feet broad, and has twelve and one-half inches of blended steel and iron on her sides. There is not a ship-of-war afloat in any water which the *Miantonomoh* could not meet with some chance of victory. But she is primarily a harbor defense ship. Her business is not to go out to meet an enemy in other waters, but to lie in wait for an approaching foe. To such a foe she would give a welcome worthy of her flag. Each of her two COLES turrets carries two ten-inch modern rifles. They throw solid steel projectiles, weighing five hundred pounds each, with an effective fighting range of seven miles, and can hurl them thirteen miles. Besides these big guns she carries on her superstructure and military mast two six-pounder and two two-pounder rapid-fire guns, two thirty-seven-mm. revolving cannon and two Gatlings. The *Miantonomoh* is not graceful, nor swift, nor beautiful. She was built to fight, and she will give a good account of herself.

HERR JACQUES VON RAALTE, of Rotterdam, was the maddest Dutchman on American soil at about 3 A.M. upon a rainy morning of last week. Herr JACQUES—"the melancholy JACQUES"—in a moment of financial enthusiasm during the war, invested in about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of Confederate bonds bought at their face value. Herr JACQUES is of opinion that Uncle SAM, through Mr. Secretary BLAINE, should recoup him in this amount, and, being desirous of serving a writ upon the aforesaid BLAINE, intrusted the United States Marshal to serve it during Mr. BLAINE's trip from New York to Washington. The trusty Marshal was on hand, so was the Secretary—with this slight but important difference. The Marshal was very wide awake; the Secretary very sound asleep. The Marshal had received orders to serve the writ; the attendants on the car had received orders to lock the doors of the car, and not on any account to disturb the distinguished, but somnolent, official; hence the Marshal was unable to serve his writ, and Herr JACQUES VAN RAALTE, of Rotterdam, was the maddest Dutchman on this continent.

AND so RUDYARD KIPLING is in our midst. Did he say that he loved America, and adored Americans? Not he, indeed! He declares that his visit is purely a business one, and adds that he is here to fight certain publishers who have pirated him. Good for RUDYARD! But has he the Bank of England at his back, or has he brought his fighting Irishman, MULVANEY, with him? Mr.

RUDYARD KIPLING's latest tale of Indian army life is entitled "His Private Honor." In this Oriental story Mr. KIPLING indulges in the following paragraph: "What a fool you were," I interrupted. ORTHURIS, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." Perhaps it is to explain its exact meaning that RUDYARD has crossed the blooming ocean at this scurvy time of the year.

Two thousand doctors in one batch! It gives one health, and strength, and increased vitality to think of such a meeting. Two thousand doctors assembled at the Aquarium, at Westminster, one night last week, to witness some experiments in hypnotism, with a view to this weird and wondrous factor being used as an anesthetic agent. If, as is claimed for it, hypnotism can render pain a pleasure, cause the cripple to turn contortionist, the blind to see, and, in fine, flout every ill that the flesh is heir to—why, it would have been well if ten thousand doctors had assembled instead of two; and the whole world will watch with bated breath the result of the investigations of the committee appointed at this absolutely extraordinary meeting.

In the letter from CHARLES DICKENS to WILKIE COLLINS there shines out some advice that it would be well for authors American to take to pen, and ink, and memory. The letter is dated September 20, 1862, and appears in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. DICKENS is criticising "No Name," by COLLINS, and here is what he says: "There is one slight slip, occurring more than once, which you have not corrected. MAGDALEN 'laid down,' and I think some one else 'laid down.' It is clear that she must either lay herself down, or lie down. To lay is a verb active, and to lie down is a verb neuter, consequently she lay down, or laid herself down." Verb Sap!

SIR CHARLES TUPPER! Sir CHARLES TUPPER, you are a-going it too strong! What in Texas do you mean by gravely informing the British people that Canada is increasing in population proportionately faster than the United States? You cannot be joking, for a joke is no laughing matter in your mouth; and assuredly you are not in touch with JOHN BULL in such vaporizing as this. Don't you know that England has come to the conclusion that Canada's progress is on paper, and that the Dominion is of no earthly use to her save as a military highway to India?

BRAVO, AUGUSTIN DALY! You carry not coals to Newcastle, but diamonds to London. And so the Stars and Stripes are to float over an American theater in the heart of Cockaigne? On Friday last the incomparable ADA REHAN, over whom the British public is madly effervescing, laid the foundation stone of AUGUSTIN DALY's theater in Cranbourne street, adjoining classical Leicester Square. This theater is to be ready for sock and buskin in 1893, and will be opened by Mr. DALY's company. Let the Eagle Bird and the Swan of Avon mate!

THERE is terror on the Rio Grande—terror in Texas. Mexicans are crossing the river in droves in order to be out of range of the bloody brigand GARCIA, who would seem to be ubiquitous. In vain does President DIAZ dispatch his trusted troopers to catch this wily bandit—in vain, indeed, for GARCIA swoops upon them when divided into twos and threes, and the unlucky warriors are treated to a short shrift at a dog's death. The mountain fastnesses along the border are as so many impregnable fortresses for GARCIA and his murderous followers.

THE White Star steamship *Teutonic* has beaten her own record eastward by 19 minutes. Her time was 5 days, 21 hours and 2 minutes. She made her last voyage eastward in 5 days, 21 hours, and 22 minutes, thus lowering the twin eastward records of the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York* by 1 hour and 28 minutes. The *Teutonic* holds the westward record of 5 days, 16 hours, and 31 minutes, made last August.

A CABLE announces the death of Lieutenant-Colonel W. HEWETT, one of the last of the survivors of the battle of Waterloo. Since the "King-Making Victory," as Lord BYRON styled it, was fought on the 18th of June, 1815, Colonel HEWETT leaves a very few of his comrades-in-arms in waiting to reply to the Great Roll-Call.

AND so the ushers of the New York Supreme Court are to wear uniforms, after the fashion of Boston? Good! The judges in robes, the ushers in uniform. Where, oh, where, do the wigs come in?

THE LATE CONTEST.

ADDITIONAL names for honorary mention will be published in our next issue.

NOTICE.—It is absolutely indispensable that Subscribers who have communications to address regarding their subscriptions, non-delivery of mail, change of address, etc., should give the number as printed on the wrapper label.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, who is paying one of his periodical flying visits to New York, is a tall-built, broad-shouldered man, of athletic-bearing, with a drooping gray moustache, and is brusque and charming as to manner. He is two-and-fifty years of age, and has been sole proprietor of the New York *Herald* during one-and-twenty of them. He has an income of something like seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and spends most of his time in France, being now almost better known abroad than he is in America. He speaks French like a native, is a champion polo-player, and can handle the ribbons of a four-in-hand to the undiluted admiration of professional Jehus. He is also much given to hunting, while he yachts with the same verve as he tools a coach. He is somewhat erratic; yet withal, he is a touchstone of journalistic instinct, and is so profoundly astute that he could give points to those persons who profess to criticise his ways, if he cared about it, but he doesn't. He is still a bachelor, and has an only sister.

WILLIAM LAWRIE JACKSON, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, is a bald-headed man of one-and-fifty, with a pointed dark beard, and was educated by that erratic genius, Lord Randolph Churchill. His father died while he was still young, leaving a monument of debts behind him, which the son paid off by many years' hard work, though he was not compelled nor even expected to do so. He is, therefore, a good fellow, and deserves his promotion. He is a tanner, in business on a large scale in Leeds, which he has represented in Parliament for the last decade. He is somewhat dull-witted, yet hard-headed and obstinate withal; and though no one has ever accused him of brilliancy, he has long been regarded as one of the strongest of the subordinate members of the English Government. He is a slow, poor, heavy speaker, who plods along in a quiet, humdrum way; and, being a bureaucrat by nature, may be called upon to do his best to avoid coming in collision with the Irish party.

JOHN G. NICOLAY, the biographer of Lincoln, who has recently figured somewhat conspicuously in a duel of words with Colonel McClure, is small of stature, wears a full, gray beard, and is quiet and earnest. He is a scholarly-minded man, and passes most of his time buried among his books and papers in an old-fashioned, comfortable home in Washington. He only emerges from his seclusion to attend afternoon receptions, for which he seems to have a veritable talent. He is to be met at five or six in the course of a day. Yet withal he never looks bored, but listens to the platitudes poured out with the tea, and distributes a fund of small talk with diplomatic impartiality. He is almost invariably accompanied by his only daughter, who is an accomplished painter.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU, the famous English divine, though four years older than Gladstone, still retains a vigorous and impressive personality, and his fine presence and serene speech make a great impression on his hearers. He is the founder and inspiring genius of Unitarianism, and is the author of many metaphysical, theological and philosophical works, which are written in a grandly impressive style, the severe splendor of which is equalled by none of his contemporaries, so that he is weighed down with degrees. He is a brother of Harriet Martineau, and is the hero of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new settlement where the teaching of free historic criticism of Biblical record, is to be mixed with advanced economic work, and a kind of semi-collegiate life.

GENERAL MARTIN T. McMAHON, whose portrait appears on page 13, comes from a patriotic and fighting family, and is well-known as a gallant veteran of the Civil War. In 1861, at the beginning of the great struggle, he enlisted and served to its termination, having fought at the head of his command through all the brilliant and bloody battles of the Potomac. In 1865 he was made a brevet major-general, and so highly did his country appreciate his services that Congress voted him a magnificent medal for his distinguished bravery. It is General McMahon's proud boast that he was chief of staff of the famous Sixth Army Corps. It was while in this branch of the service that he received the dying words of General Sedgwick, who died literally in General McMahon's arms, at Spottsylvania. At the close of the war General McMahon resigned from the army and resumed the practice of law in New York City. He was soon made corporation attorney, and subsequently became, in turn, United States Consul at Paraguay, receiver of taxes in New York and United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York, in all of which positions he made hosts of friends who stick to him to yet. In Grand Army circles no man is better known than General McMahon. He is now the commander of George Washington Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and is a prominent member of the military order of the Loyal Legion, he having been elected senior vice-commander of that organization when it was commanded by Admiral Farragut.

READ THIS!

In our next issue we announce a new contest which, in fascinating interest, will surpass all its predecessors. A thrilling short, complete story of Hypnotism, by Evelyn Pyne, will appear, entitled "Dorothy's Dilemma;" also one of the great schools of England, "Harrow," by Blakely Hall; "New North Asia," by W. O. Stoddard, and several articles of intense value and specially written for ONCE A WEEK. Study the list of prizes offered in Woman's World!



TOMB OF LELAND STANFORD, JR., AT PALO ALTO, NEAR SAN JOSÉ, CAL.



ARCHWAY, STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY, NEAR SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

OPENING OF THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY AT PALO ALTO, CAL.



OCTOBER 1, 1891, marked an event in the educational history of California, as on this day was formally opened the Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, thirty miles south of San Francisco.

Perhaps no other university was ever opened under such favorable conditions as this. It is the gift to the people of United States Senator Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford, in memory of their only child. This son, a young man of more than ordinary promise, died, in 1884, at the age of sixteen. It would seem that the great tide of love, which had set so strongly toward this son, went out, after his death, toward humanity, and thenceforward it was the desire of these parents that their great wealth should be devoted to doing good. In this spirit the plan of the university was conceived and pushed to rapid accomplishment. The corner-stone of the first building was laid in 1887.

The university has an endowment of twenty millions of dollars in lands and funds, and it is understood to be the purpose of Senator and Mrs. Stanford to make it their heir, as their son would have been.

The location is on a tract of valuable land consisting of some seven thousand acres, the situation of which could scarcely be surpassed for beauty, healthfulness and all the advantages of nearness to a great metropolis. The exten-

sive system of buildings, which will require several years to complete as planned, are of the Moorish style, grouped around an immense quadrangle, and in their massive strength of granite and iron bid fair to endure for an untold period.

The university is open to both sexes equally, and its plan of education is the broadest and most liberal. An especial feature will be technical and industrial training, its object being to fit the student in the very best way possible for the practical duties of life.

It was estimated that nearly ten thousand people attended the formal opening, the professors and students of many of the prominent educational institutions in the State attending in bodies. Among these so represented were the State University, the State Normal School, various high schools, Santa Clara College, and others.

Nearly five hundred students were enrolled on the first day, and these came not only from the Pacific coast, but also from various parts of the Eastern States, Europe and Japan. Over fifteen hundred made application for admission, but many were excluded on account of youth—the age for admission being sixteen years—while others failed to pass the required examinations.

It is the aim of the founders to secure in the faculty the very best talent obtainable, and exceedingly liberal salaries are paid. The present faculty have been selected with great care, and it is hoped they may be all that is desired.

Tuition is free, and the charges for board and room are very moderate. Preparatory schools will be opened as soon as practicable, as it is understood to be the design of the founders to establish a system of instruction that shall include every step between the Kindergarten and the com-

plete university course. Cottages are being erected which will be rented cheap to those desiring to reside at the university.

The several valuable properties donated to the university passed by gift deed from Senator and Mrs. Stanford into the hands of a board of trustees, but the founders elect to oversee and manage the same during their lifetime.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTERS.

It is a pity men don't praise women when they are sensible in dress. Now, notwithstanding the pressure which fashion has brought to bear upon them to return to the long trailing skirts for street wear, they have courageously resisted it, and sensibly insisted upon the comfortable, cleanly, short walking skirt for the street; and yet men keep on growling all the same about minor matters of no consequence; so that women may well exclaim, "There's no suiting them; so we will just please ourselves." A word to the wise is sufficient.—FANNY FERN.

NERVOUS children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to such children. A little delicate boy whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook his pertinacity for obstinacy, and he thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so, when you know you will be punished?" "Oh, father, father!" said the little fellow; "I don't mind you whipping me, if you only stay with me." The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.



INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE, LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY, NEAR SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

LITTLE JIMMY'S GOAT.

[In the Wordsworth manner.]

BY R. E. MUNKITTRICK.

WHEN Jimmy was a little child,
With curls of shining gold,
His joy was very great and wild,
For one but three years old.

His joy was great upon the day
My neighbor, Matthew Haight,
Said: "Jimmy seems to fall away—
Be careful ere too late!"

"Oh, keep him in the open air,
If on his life you dote;
And, if you have the cash to spare,
Buy him a cart and goat."

I said I would, and Jimmy flew
About with wild delight;
He was excited through and through,
And couldn't sleep that night.

Good Matthew loved our little Jim,
Whom he declared a lamb;
And we were quite as fond of him
As he of bread and jam.

But to resume: I bought the goat,
And Jimmy made him go,
And while he laughed joy's loudest note,
The goat was filled with woe.

He made him climb the sandy hill,
Through ruts both long and deep;
And whipped him with a will until
He almost made him weep.

The goat, with weary, downcast head,
And anything but gay,
While in the cellar deep he fed
On shavings, nails and hay.

So he broke from the place at last,
And capered wild and free;
And in a jiffy broke his fast
Upon our nearest tree.

I put the goat away, and hence
Our Jimmy's grief was such,
He wept in anguish most intense—
He loved the goat so much.

His anguish oft burst forth afresh,
And filled us all with pain—
I fancied he was losing flesh,
And growing thin again.

I gave the goat to William Bird,
A good and worthy man,
And only yesterday I heard
From Raphael McCann.

The goat was raffled—that he knew—
Unto a certain-tee,
And won by Mrs. Burns, who threw
Two sixes and a three.

And now my temper oft I lose,
When in my path I note
My neighbor, Matthew Haight, at whose
Advice I bought the goat.

THE ART OF FASCINATION.

A RECIPE FOR HOMELY WOMEN.



DO think the time has come when a woman does not uselessly mourn the lack of physical beauty. At a recent house-party composed of charming men and pretty women, there was one ugly duckling who proved a most striking example. Her nose was decidedly *retroussé*, her mouth could stretch from ear to ear like any boy's, her eyes were small and too deep-set, her complexion swarthy, and her straight, black hair was devoid of the slightest kink of attractiveness. Yet in her elastic tread, the uplift carriage of her head, and the flash of a full mouth of perfect teeth, there was something that pulled the stronger sex in her direction continuously. Morning, noon and night she was the center of attraction. Her fresh young voice had but to sound a single note, and she was surrounded with admirers. The unsophisticated boy worshiped her dumbly; the man of the world, who despised ordinary women, was her slave; the bookworm followed her with his lagging step; and the giant, whose only mode of redress was his fist, would have been content to be crushed beneath her small feet. I don't know which of the group she took for her very own; most likely no one of them. To her, liberty was of more import than followers, and she was capable of hunting down the right one when she found him.

It is not the beautiful woman we women fear, but the siren who has learned the art of fascination, and draws all to her with magnetic force. "Talk about the weakness of the sex," said a reader and thinker in the broadest sense, "a woman can marry any man when she makes up her mind to it." Whether this be true or not, a man has little chance of winning a woman unless she be the first to fall in love, and then it looks more like a case of woman winning man. "What is the use of man's will when woman has her way?" chirped a little creature confidentially. "The other sex are all more or less pliant to our touch. Only *seem* to give in, and, if for no other reason, they'll come to book just to be contrary."

Woman's power over man is an acknowledged fact, even when she does not care to use it. What, then, may it not be made to accomplish? There is that in her word, her look or her gesture more potent to make a giant pause in the act of mischief, and drop his head with shame, than the harshest law man ever framed. We are all egotistical, and a man's vanity to appear well in the eyes of a woman is the mainspring for all the arts of the gentler sex.

But it isn't fair to talk vaguely all down the page of

lovely indefinites in the shape of women. We are all creatures of imitation, and we want a recipe.

There is no charm like an inner one, no spell so potent as a lovely nature. Cultivate the best and the strongest in you, and it will shine with a light that will outshine the ugliest personality our blessed sun ere shone on. The mind's grasp must be enlarged, the sympathy extend, and the philosophy broaden in woman. She is the conservative element in society, from the bad training of past ages. Nothing cramps the features into ugliness sooner, or is the cause of more unhappiness, than narrow-mindedness. And there is no mind so capable of noble improvement as a woman's, for nothing exceeds her naturally keen perception. If you want an attractive personality, you cannot afford to cramp anything into less space than it takes to grow—no, not even your waist.

A natural woman holds greater sway than an artificial one, just as an actress earns fame by her approach to that which is real and lifelike. Perhaps a woman's charms may all be embodied in her dress and manner. Certainly a homely woman cannot be too careful about her appearance. She must not only dress attractively, but harmoniously, and never attract too great notice to her physical defects by gay colors, as some are so apt to do. The man most worthy of your attention will find his way through a crowded assembly to the side of a modest-gowned lady. Beware of the dress colors that throw a bad light over the complexion. They are trying to the prettiest of women. Dark shades always look well. A deep garnet, a dark navy-blue, a rich brown, soft grays, and good blacks, will always look appropriate and nice; and, with proper attention to fit, and ever so little effective trimming, they can be made to form quite a diversified wardrobe. Self colors are decidedly more becoming to homely persons.

Dress may form a very large part of a woman's needful care and attention, but the little arts that help her fascination afterwards are numberless. Too much attention cannot be paid to the art of conversation. Few women possess it in its most charming form, for a real education is the only road to it. The American woman carries speech to excess in quantity, and neglects the quality. But the other day I met a young woman who exerted a most wonderful fascination over me. She was not at all attractive to the eye, but I was ready to forgive her that and every other defect on account of the rare quality of her voice and the exquisite force of her slow-spoken, well-chosen words. So many women spoil their tone of voice by strained and vigorous effort at conversation, and miss the smooth, easy, graceful style that warms the senses, and pleases alike the refined and the uncultivated taste. Nothing helps real beauty of speech like a full, rolling vowel and a distinctly enunciated consonant, and for the rest your conversation must partake of yourself, be it vivacious, witty or serious. Every style has a charm of its own, and is more or less affected by a pure and perfectly-kept mouth. Shape is nothing beside the crimson tinge of lip and flash of pearly teeth.

The soul is the most beautiful part of everything that lives and breathes. The most fussy piece of femininity has a soul to cultivate. The one thing necessary is to give it space to grow, and tinge your every act, and wreath your face and form, with an outward image that can never fade. We all grow towards our ideal—a woman's cannot be too high.

Man wants the example of refinement and gentle feeling that a true woman alone can give him, and the value of which no superficial beauty can estimate. One of the most perfect mothers I ever knew used to argue well for the influence of woman on the stronger sex when she said:

"I would rather see my boy make a companion of a nice, lady-like girl than the most morally sufficient member of the other sex this big country holds."

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

PASTES.



THE natural suggestion of the above title is "pie," and as the real American is a devout believer in that succulent, and, we may say, "staple" article of daily consumption, he or she will naturally be disappointed at finding that the biblical suggestion of asking for bread and getting a stone, is exemplified in this short article.

Before plunging in *medias res*, we must get off a short and somewhat pithy reply, apropos of the above biblical allusion. On the occasion of a visit of ceremony being paid to the mother of Scotland's poet, Robert Burns, by certain members of the committee who had been instrumental in erecting a monument to the deceased poet, they told the mother in glowing language of what they had done to reserve the memory of her son. She, knowing the miserable destitution to which he had been brought, before he succumbed, in early manhood, for



MANAGER—"Miss Riptaps, your stage-laugh sounds very hollow and unnatural."
UTILITY LADY—"Well, what do you expect for twelve dollars a week?"

the want of a tenth of the subscriptions that had been liberally subscribed to bury him, replied: "Aye, sirs! he asked you for bread, and ye have given him a stone."

Pastes is derived from the Italian *pasta*, or, more properly, *pastus*—food; really alluding to the dough from which we get our old English *pasties*, somewhat obsolete in America, and the French *pâté*. What has this to do with gems? you say. A great deal; and if you will be patient for another moment we will at once show you. Pastes are imitations of the precious gems, engraved camei and intagli, transparent and opaque, and the material is simply glass, which, when molten, is as readily dealt with as dough; hence its name. Powdered crystal was largely used in the manufacture of imitation gems, the result being that thousands of spurious gems accurately imitating the sapphire and the ruby, were passed by the Roman jeweler upon the uninitiated, and to this day some of the antiques which form the *chefs d'œuvre* of modern collections, have not been subjected to a rigorous analysis by their owners, for conscience' sake.

One of the most exquisite productions ascribed to the early part of the fourth century is in the possession of Baron Lionel Rothschild. This vase is elaborately decorated by figures, vines, etc., in bold relief, illustrating Bacchus and his followers.

In the crowns of the Gothic nobles, discovered at Guernazar, false emeralds and opals may be detected amongst the real stones; and that masterpiece of Celtic bijouterie, the "Tara brooch," having four female heads all made of paste, affords another terrible example of early depravity amongst the jewelry fraternity.

But we must not be too severe upon the "pasty fraternity," for they have enrolled amongst their number a royal prince and patron of the fine art—to wit, the Regent Orleans, who, in 1715, engaged the services of the celebrated chemist Homberg, and assisted him, with his own hands, in duplicating all the priceless antique gems that the Regent had himself collected, so as to furnish duplicates to lovers of the antique in other countries. So perfect has the imitation of colored stones and even of the diamond itself become of late years, that it is related of a certain well-known countess, somewhat given to cards and the turf, that, being pressed to pay her debts of honor, she called upon a lapidary, *facile princeps* on imitation stones, and begged that he would make her a set to match her own, and give her the balance in cash, to which he replied, "*Monsieur votre mari*," or, rather, in plain English, "Your husband disposed of the real last year—these are the imitation." *Tableaux vivants!*

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home begets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside among strangers.

Subscribers will please Take Notice that a Subscription cannot be discontinued within one year from date of subscribing, or date of renewal, and then only when notification is sent either through our collector, or direct to office of publication. Failing such notification, at expiration of one year from time of subscribing, or renewing, the subscription shall be continued at the usual rate, until such notification has been received.

ONCE A WEEK, New York.

THE NEW YORK JUDICIARY.

By M. CROFTON.

II.



JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE, the last addition to the Superior Court, like Judge McAdam, had some former experience, having served for fourteen years on the Circuit Court before he was appointed to succeed Judge Ingraham, who moved up to the seat on the Supreme Bench left vacant by the death of Judge Brady. He is fifty-one years old. When the war broke out he recruited a company of volunteers, and was mustered in as a captain of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Regiment. He saw arduous service with the Army of the Potomac, and with Sherman on the March to the Sea. Coming home a colonel at the close of the war, he began the study of law at Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the Bar in 1866. In the fall of 1875 he was elected a judge of the Court of General Sessions on the anti-Tammany combination ticket, running far ahead of John K. Hackett and Benjamin K. Phelps, who were the nominees for recorder and district-attorney. Some two years ago, when he stood for re-election, he was completely "snowed under" by a deputy in the district-attorney's office, to the astonishment of everybody, including the successful candidate himself. He was given the Superior Court judgeship as a sort of balm for his defeat, he being the only candidate defeated on the party ticket. As a criminal judge, he was always all that could be desired, and as a civil one has now managed to get well under way. In his pre-judicial days he was a crack marksman.

The Court of Common Pleas, like the Superior, has nominally six judges; but, as one of them sits in the Supreme, has really but five. These are Chief-Justice Joseph F. Daly and Judges Henry A. Bookstaver, Henry Bischoff, Jr., and Roger Pryor, there being a vacant seat on the Bench caused by the recent death of Judge Allen. Chief Justice Daly, who succeeded Judge Larremore last year as presiding judge, is a brother of Augustin Daly, and, like Judge Andrews, was married last year. He has roving, gray eyes under drooping lids, and sandy side-whiskers. Like many excellent judges he writes tolerably dull opinions; but, unlike most of them, he is dignified in manner off the Bench. He is one of the gentlest and most amiable of men, and of improving and entertaining converse. He is a familiar figure on first nights, and has just the faintest suspicion of a brogue. He is a native of North Carolina, but has lived in New York almost all his life. He was admitted to the Bar in 1862, when he entered the office of S. W. & R. B. Roosevelt, to whose practice he eventually succeeded. Eight years later he was elected to the Court of Common Pleas, and is now serving his second term on the Bench as chief-justice of this court. He is a man of much learning and high judicial mind, and enjoys the respect of the entire Bar.

Of the other judges, Roger A. Pryor is the most prominent, and both physically and mentally stands out among his associates like a giant among pigmies. He is now sixty-four, and has seen much of life from many aspects. He holds himself straight as a Lake Superior oak, and with his strong-marked, smooth-shaven face and long, straight hair, like that of an Indian, presents a strikingly picturesque appearance. At the Bar Judge Pryor figured in many celebrated cases. He was counsel in the Tilton-Beecher suit, in the Morey Letter case, and at the Holland murder trial. He was also engaged in the suits against Governor Sprague in Rhode Island and the Ames impeachment proceedings in Mississippi. He was the first to win a suit against the Elevated Railroad Company for damages to adjoining property. He went to London to defend O'Donnell, who had killed the informer Carey. He was also counsel in the Hoyt will case, the Chicago anarchists' trials, and more recently in the Sugar Trust suit, in which he was successful in the New York City courts as well as in the Court of Appeals. He represents the best Southern type, and has a rare stock of war and other reminiscences.

Judge Bookstaver, who cut such a figure in the Flack divorce scandal, is a portly, bald-headed, full-bearded man of amiable manners, and had a valuable training at the Bar as partner of the late Aaron B. Vanderpoel, before being elected to the Bench. He can exhibit plenty of firmness on occasion, and, like Davy Crockett, when he thinks he is right, he goes ahead.

Judge Bischoff is forty years of age, wears spectacles, and trims his beard after the Vandyke fashion. He is the American-born son of a well-known German banker; was admitted to the Bar the week he came of age, and, by a skillful combination of the family knowledge of commerce with his own law, soon showed himself a reliable conductor of a commercial case. He belongs to any number of German societies, was a bosom friend of Sunset Cox, and is serving his second term on the Bench, having been unexpectedly nominated to succeed Judge Vanhoesen, who was "turned down" at the last moment. He has a notable record in that not a single decision of his has yet been reversed on appeal, and naturally he feels proud of this rare distinction.

All these courts hold their sessions in the big Court House in City Hall Park. The court rooms, for the most part, are gloomy, high-ceilinged apartments hung in faded claret-colored drapery, which adds to the darkness. The City Court sits in the City Hall, which is even more dismal. Some of the courts here have a sepulchral smell and are said to be very unhealthy. Be that as it may, it is certain that during the past few years the judges here have died off like flies. The City Court is the lowest of the Courts of Record, and comprises six judges. The salary is only ten thousand dollars, and the term but six years. It opens half an hour earlier than the other courts, and puts in a month more work every year. Its jurisdiction is limited,

and it can only try actions to the amount of two thousand dollars. It will not go down to history as a nursery for great jurists. The judges in this branch of the Judiciary are for the most part comparatively obscure lawyers who come to the Bench with their reputations to make, and who generally leave it without doing so. It was hoped at the last election that its standard might be elevated, but there does not seem to be much promise of it in the immediate future; and when, in January last, Chief-Justice McAdam left it to go up higher, it dropped to even a lower level than before. Judge Simon M. Ehrlich, who, as senior member of the court, succeeded Judge McAdam as chief-justice, is a short man with a polished bald head and a well-kept brunette moustache, with which he toys placidly while listening to the sing-song commonplaces of counsel. His manner is to the point, and he does not talk over the heads of a jury, or compel them to strain their intellects to keep pace with his charges. He is a bachelor. His term expires this year, but it is probable that he will be re-elected.

The other four judges are Henry P. McGown, Robert A. Van Wyck, Robert Fitzsimmons, H. G. Newburger and John Henry McCarthy.

Judge McGown is one of the tallest men on the Bench of this county. He is a son of the McGown of Revolutionary fame in connection with "McGown's" Pass, in Harlem, and is the proud possessor of his father's drum and sleigh. Judge McGown is very methodical, and never decides a case without first consulting the authorities. Off the Bench he is an ardent fisherman and a yachtsman of some note.

Of the others, Judge Fitzsimmons has a clerical cast of countenance, and is frequently taken for a Methodist deacon. He wears eyeglasses through which he can easily distinguish the good and bad points of a case.

Judge Robert A. Van Wyck is rising five-and-forty and wears eyeglasses, while his hair has just escaped being that color which Titian loved to paint. He is a bachelor, and, like Judge Van Brunt, comes from old Dutch stock. His father was a Superior Court judge, and his brother is a member of the Brooklyn City Court. He was for years identified with Tammany Hall, but in 1880 he seceded from the organization and assisted in the formation of the County Democracy. He was defeated for City Court judge in 1881, but returned to Tammany Hall recently, and is serving his second year on the Bench.

Judge Henry E. Newburger wears side-whiskers and

eyeglasses, and, being an orthodox Jew, refuses to hold court on Saturday. His father died ere he was yet ten years old, so that he early had to fight for his own hand. Having learned all that the public schools could teach him, he entered on a business career, but after three years left it to study for the Bar, to which he was called in 1875. In order to obtain the means of pursuing his studies he copied law papers at night, served processes and reported for the daily papers. He is one of the directors of the newly-established Jewish Theological Seminary, and belongs to various kindred societies, being very popular with the German element on the East Side.

Judge John Henry McCarthy served in the Fifty-first Congress as Representative of the Eighth District, and enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest and thinnest man in the House, where he was known as the "Little Giant." He weighs just ninety-five pounds, and is a dark-complexioned, blue-eyed man, with a sandy moustache and goatee. He is just forty, and dispensed justice for half-a-dozen years in the Fifth Judicial District. His popularity in political circles is unquestioned, and his happy after-dinner speeches make him a guest at nearly every banquet of note. He has had an excellent tutor in his old employer and partner, Judge McAdam.

(To be continued.)

THERE are hundreds of ladies looking for employment as governesses who have neither temperament, nor knowledge, nor training to fit them for the care of the young. It has been suggested that some out of this large number of ladies should take up nursing, not as a charitable action, but as a means of livelihood; should bring their patience, tact, and refinement to a different market from that in which they now offer them, and in which alone they are of so little value, and should become skilled nurses among the rich. Of course such work as this could not be undertaken without preparation, which would cost time and a certain amount of money. Fortunately, in the case of this special training, the means of acquiring it are not far to seek. There are hospitals where already ladies are in process of learning their work, as nurses of the poor, and the ladies who desire to become professional nurses of the rich would find it easy enough to get themselves enrolled among those who are students of the art of nursing.



"HIS ONLY BOOKS WERE WOMAN'S LOOKS."

SHE laid the book down with a gentle sigh.
"What beautiful things he has written!"
He was reading the delightful story of her face, and he answered only by a nod.
"Do you know, the works of some authors fill me with a sense of personal gratitude."
A roguish look flashed for an instant into his eyes.
"I have felt the same thing."
"How delightful! Tell me, to what author have you felt the deepest gratitude?"
The smiling look comes back into his face, and his lips curl to a smile.
She looks at him wonderingly because he does not answer at once.
He looks up at her with the smile shining more brightly out of his eyes.
"Are you sure you care to know?"
The wonder on her face deepens.
"Why—of course!"
"You will not—be offended?"
Her tender eyes open wide.

"How could I be?"
His eyes are still drinking in the radiance of her beauty.
"That author is—your father."
She frowns a trifle, in excess of wonderment.
"But—I know of no work of his."
The vision of her beauty fires his speech.
"It is the most charmingly beautiful and poetic work I ever—looked at."
She shakes her pretty head so that the curls catch glints of sunlight, and still she looks wide-eyed wonder.
"The name?"
"Your own."
The most delicious pout shapes her rosy mouth. A frown tries to settle in the white harbor of her brow. She throws the paper-knife away petulantly. Her eyes meet his angrily.
Then they soften—the frown fades—the pout shades to a smile.
"Trifler!"
And the perfume of a kiss floats out by the open window.

ONCE A WEEK.

OH! FOR THE POWER TO OVERCOME!





THE TYRANNICAL DEMON OF INTemperance!

A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR INDIAN.

By PATIENCE STAPLETON.



NLY one passenger, Bill," said the freckled boy at the Silver-ton Hotel, as the Concord coach with its four dashing bays halted before the door. The boy looked enviously at the ruddy-faced, frosty-bearded driver, for the ambition of his young life was to fill Bill's place, and introduce some improvements in managing the team.

"Miner?" asked Bill, in the usual husky tone of a stage-driver and hard drinker. "Parsen in shiny black clothes, plug hat, an' specks; gin us all a little trac arter brekust. He's huntin'."

"First one I ever see on the shoot," growled Bill.

"Huntin' heathens," giggled the boy.

"Put a time-lock on yer jaw, Mick, an' set it forinst I'm gone, or you'll git hurt," cautioned the driver; "an' ef there's a parsen along, fill that."

The boy took the tin flask, and a pleasing gurgle in the bar-room showed the errand was being attended to.

"I presume I may occupy the front seat, driver," said a thin, pale-faced young man in neat broadcloth, tall hat and glistening spectacles, appearing at that moment.

"Ef you pays an' gits here fust, you kin," answered Bill, stooping for his flask.

Away rattled the stage while the only passenger drew on a pair of worn, black gloves over his bony hands. Then he adjusted his glasses, drawing a gentle sigh.

"Vittles ain't distressin' ye?" asked Bill. "Me? Oh, no, my thoughts."

"Wouldn't think 'em, then, parsen."

"The condition of the aborigines troubles me. But allow me to set you right; though I have connections in the church, I am not a minister. I am a philosopher."

Bill shifted his quid of tobacco, not quite comprehending the new word, flicked the off leader's ear with his whip, and inquired carelessly:

"Come naterel to ye?"

"Acquired by profound study and by thought," said the philosopher, folding his thin fingers. "We have a society in Boston to educate and cultivate the aboriginal mind. Can you suggest a field?"

"You mean Injuns? Wal, the Utes is on the war-path now, an' them long locks of your'n would be too temptin'; but on my drive to Miller's, there's a camp of Pintes—a hull perarie far ye."

"Pinte—a musical name," said the philosopher.

"Mebbe, but round here they're known as the Chinese of the Injun family. I've hearn they eat mud. They'd steal yer words outter yer mouth 'fore you spoke 'em, ef words wasn't so cheap. They're borned thieves. Ef you carries a gun I cal'late you kin eddicat' 'em; they air awful cowards."

"I never carry weapons," answered the philosopher; "but I think in them I see my field."

"I'll stop an' interduce ye," said Bill, setting the brake as they rattled down a steep grade, the passenger getting a pleasing glimpse of a dead fall of four hundred feet on his side of the coach, making a clammy perspiration break out all over him as he remembered the driver's attention to the tin flask. At the bottom of the hill they rattled into a green mountain park, watered by a noisy little brook shaded by aspens and a few primeval pines.

"How picturesque! how pastoral!" cried the philosopher.

"Them cone-shaped things is yer wigwags," explained Bill. "Ef your skin's tender, keep outter 'em; you'll be eat up alive. He of pennyroyal is good for it. That smell's their vittles cookin'." They're naterel scavengers, them an' vultures an' don't allus kill their animals, but lets sum'n else. But them little things wun't trouble a flossifer like you."

"No, indeed."

"Here, Pinte!" called Bill, reining in his team.

A low-sized Indian, with a broad, greasy face and lank, black locks came blinking into the light.

"Where Loco, Blind Dog, Dead Hoss—where?"

The Indian made a motion to retire, as if the answer to the questions was too much work, but Bill's threatening whip recalled him. He rolled sluggishly toward a distant tent. As if pulled by the same string, the flap of each wigwam opened simultaneously, disclosing rows of brown faces and little, beady eyes. The philosopher beamed on them behind his spectacles.

Slowly from a distant tent came a new figure, a smallish man, lean and scarred, with only one eye in his shriveled face and two yellow tusks in his gaping mouth.

"That's Blind Dog," said Bill. "Purty, ain't he?"

"Where Loco?" asked Bill.

"Jail-Miller's," answered the Indian.

"Cattle-stealin' agin'?"

"Um, yes."

"Poor child of perverted nature," mused the philosopher.

"This gentleman's come from Bosting to eddicat' ye like them did on the Uncapare," said Bill. "Blind Dog's got a naterel appetite for larin'; he's bin civilized afore. Where's Dead Hoss?"

The Indian, with a sly look, pointed up the road.

"Come back, has he?" shouted Bill. "An' I'll bet he hed that sorrel meul of

mine; I seen him loafin' about the change stables. Did he hev it? You answer, or I'll fetch the gang down an' rub the hull of you out."

"He gone up mountain on sorrel," smiled Blind Dog.

"Say, you Injuns," called Bill, as his passenger got down, "you treat this man well, for he's got the hull U. S. army to pertect him!"

A general smile dawned on the dusky faces of the crowd gathered about the coach.

"Mebbe you kin laff at the U. S. sojers, but I'll fetch down the cowboys an' do ye up. S'long!"

The next day a horseman informed Bill he had seen the philosopher reading to "the gang" out of a book.

"Looks likely," said Bill. "I wonder how he kept the volume. I'd taken odds they'd stole it afore this."

Two days later a second horseman brought the information that he had seen a circle of Indians gathered about the philosopher, singing.

Might be called singing, but wasn't exactly.

On Bill's return trip he was accompanied by a miner, and as they neared the Piute camp, the miner, a far-sighted man, saw something moving in the trees.

"It's got stripes," he said, excitedly. "Mebbe a convict from the Laramie pen."

"Git the drop on him, Jim," cried the driver, stopping the coach.

"Come out, or I'll shoot," called Jim, going towards the trees.

"Don't shoot, gentlemen; I'll come," said a feeble voice. "Pray don't be violent; it's me."

Trembling and weak, with near-sighted vision leading him into every pitfall, clad in a suit of striped underwear, barefooted, hatless and spectacled, came the philosopher from his hiding-place.

"It ain't! it air!" cried Bill. "Wal, it's him. Wrap him in this hoss blanket, Jim, an' pour that lickin' inter him. Choke it down, Jim, for we don't want a corp on our hands."

The philosopher meekly drank the liquor; then, wrapped in a blanket, seated on the coach, related his misfortunes. Three days after his arrival at the camp, Loco, freighted with bad whiskey, returned, made considerable noise, and after the philosopher retired, invaded his tent and took his apparel.

"Fearing to be reduced to their unclothed state," moaned the philosopher, "I fled in my underwear, resolving to die before they should rob me any more. I wandered all night in the mountains."

"It's lucky we didn't shoot ye for a convict, in them tater-bug stripes," said the miner. "I cal'late you've got enuff of the Pinte as a chum."

"This but shows me their need," said the philosopher, firmly. "I shall return with others of our society and monetary aid. Now, as we pass through their camp, please say nothing. They are ignorant, and do not understand honesty as yet; but I should like my spectacles, for without their artificial aid I am nearly blind. You must be my eyes, Mr. Huntoon. What are they doing?"

"Wal," said Bill, slowly; "Loco, he's got on that trim coat of your'n, an' your plug hat, an' his squaw's wearin' yer pants—"

"Oh!" ejaculated the philosopher.

"An' Dead Horse's got back from up mountin, an' is got yer silk hankercher fur a cape, an' is wearin' yer collar an' cuffs an' yer watch—a airy summer costume—an' his squaw's got on yer billed shirt—"

"No more—no more," cried the philosopher.

"Blind Dog's got on the specks, but he's knocked the glass outter 'em; no good now, I guess. Look here, Horse, give the watch up."

The glittering revolver of the driver brought a quick assent to this request, and with trembling hand the philosopher took his property and fastened it to his blanket. He could only wave a farewell; he had no words at his command after such depravity.

Two months later, however, Bill saw him in Silver-ton bargaining with carpenters to erect some buildings at the Piute camp. He was accompanied by three other young men, all pale and earnest.

"You better sleep in yer clothes," said Bill, when he was introduced.

"We will build us a cabin," said the philosopher.

Huntoon, despite his cynical eye, could not but note the Piute camp took on an air of comfort and prosperity as the summer went on. Two or three neat cabins, a log schoolhouse and church were built, and generous orders for stores were sent daily by the stage.

"Eddicatin' comes high," Bill would mutter, "an' it's lucky them buildings is fastened down, or the Injuns would a stole 'em off 'fore this."

As the fall grew near winter, Bill noted a general improvement in the morals and tastes of the Pintes. Cattle on the hills were reasonably safe, and carrion was left to the vultures. In his hasty passing he would see the schoolhouse filled with the dusky children of nature, listening in placid incomprehension to the young men's teaching. Sunday they flocked to the church, where they sat in the same good-humored silence, as imperturbable and blank as a mountain wall. All the winter the camp was snow-bound; but on his first trip through Bill could see the signs were still of success and better things in the valley.

"They ain't backslidin' none," said Bill, stopping his horses to talk to the philosopher, who, pale and worn, came out to the coach.

"We seem to be prospering," sighed the philosopher, "but sometimes it seems as if

they were almost too receptive. They absorb everything with such quiet indifference, always smiling."

"Wal, that's Injun way," said Bill, comfortingly. "I cal'late in Bosting they don't take even their vittles 'bout arguerin'."

"I have given you an order for some farming implements," continued the philosopher. "We intend to teach them to till the soil."

"Thar you wun't find that ere smilin'," grinned Bill; "you'll never git 'em to wurk. That's just whar they kicks at civilization. I dunno as I blame 'em, either, as long's they kin git fed free."

"We have them under such control," said the philosopher, but Bill noted afterward it was the four enthusiasts at work in the fields, while their dusky charges, rolling in the sun, watched them. The only exception was Blind Dog, who cultivated a tiny patch of tobacco with keen interest.

"Them flossifers is a wurkin' the fields in dead airnest," Bill would mutter; "an' hard labor, too, fur that sile want never turned afore."

In May, Bill had a lady passenger—a tall, thin female in a skimpy gown, common-sense shoes and a round hat with a blue veil. Pushing back her veil, she looked at him keenly, with small, gray eyes behind eye-glasses. She had an aquiline nose, long, thin fingers, and a general air of decorous old maidenhood.

"Are you a real Western stage-driver?" she asked, timidly.

"Bin' drivin' forty year," he answered, gruffly.

"Oh, oh! a real Bret Harte, Mark Twain stage-driver! Excuse me," she apologized, "but you are the first one I ever saw."

"Jest look at me all ye wanten," said Bill, smiling, "ef it will do yer enny good."

"I've come out here to teach Indians," she went on, in her enthusiastic way, "where my brother, who is a physician, and—Mr. Saunders are."

"Saunders was the fust one?" asked Bill, observing the maidenly blush, and drawing his own conclusions.

"Oh, yes; and so wrapped up in the work, all our society are, we have sent oceans of money."

"I cal'late their feed did cost," said Bill, thoughtfully; "but it's a waste of good vittles on Pintes or eddicatin' either."

"I fancy you are hardly qualified to discuss the question," she said, icily, and did not speak again until nearly at the camp; then she turned to Bill, and said, imploringly:

"If—if there should come an elderly man, very red-faced and possessing such a temper, so hasty, will you promise not to tell him you brought me here?"

"Ef I says I wun't, I wun't," answered Bill. "Your husband, marm?"

"Oh, dear, no," with a little blush. "I am not married. My papa, and he does not believe in our society; he calls it fudge."

"I promise," said Bill, leaving her at the camp, where she was evidently not expected.

"Fudge," muttered Bill, as he drove on. "Like to know the old man. I've hearn there was sixty thousand single wimmen in Masserchusetts, an' I know why now, seein' her. Poor soul, though, I wun't tell on her."

Nor did he, and when the red-faced party, with the choleric manner arrived later, he skillfully diverted him from the trail and sent him in another direction.

"She's sartingly old enuff to know her own mind," Bill thought.

Through the summer the Piute camp seemed to prosper, but the four members of the society were the only laborers in the fields, and the lady seemed to be striving in vain to inculcate housewifely neatness into the minds of the squaws. Bill often met her walking with the women and children, all of whom listened with their stolid satisfaction to her teaching, but were only alive to her gifts to follow.

In the early fall a cloud of dust ahead roused Bill's attention one day in the drive, and as he drew nearer, and the dust became less bewildering, he saw the majority of the Piute tribe evidently on the move. They were loaded upon ponies with their possessions, and had rather an air of hurried departure. As they drew up by the roadside for the stage to pass, Bill halted his team, perceiving their leader was Loco.

"Whar you goin'?" he asked aggressively.

"Utah," grunted the Indian.

"What fur, you ongrateful cattle? Hain't you no idee of doin' fair by them flossifers?"

An expression of disgust crossed Loco's greasy face, as he answered, wearily: "Too much talk, heap work." And Bill drove on, half smiling, half pitying.

A few days later he met another section of the tribe under the leadership of Dead Horse. They had the same concise explanation, and were en route to Durango. After this, Bill was not surprised to have two of the black-coated philosophers for passengers.

"There was not work enough for all," one explained. "I shall have to tell our society this effort was a failure."

As winter came on, the camp wore a deserted air. From few of the wigwags came a curl of smoke, and the Indians left were a little group of women and children, and one or two old braves past service in the hunt or wars with other tribes. Bill seldom jested about the philosophers now. Those three poor souls at the camp were almost tragic in their loneliness and failure. Besides, Bill surmised the society in the East had ceased sending funds, and the only provisions in the camp were the corn and few vegetables raised in the short summer season. One day in November the lady came out to the road.

"You must drive through here without

stopping, Mr. Huntoon," she said in her gentle, lady-like way, "for the small-pox has broken out among the few of our charges left. We can call out what medicines we need."

"Now, you look here," said Bill, fiercely; "you come git on this coach. A nice, good little lady like you throwin' her life away on them Pintes—it's agin law an' sense; it's wicked for you to stay."

"I would not desert them for the world," she answered, firmly. "I think they want me here, and my presence is a comfort. It is woman's mission to be a help in time of need."

"Durn missuns," muttered Bill, as he drove on; but something made his eyes misty, and he could not forget the faded face with the wistful eyes, nor the slight figure by the roadside. He brought medicines and provisions, often paying for the latter himself, and calling with surly warning they were not "fur Injuns, neither."

Once he saw the three pathetic figures standing by an open grave.

Death was reaping a rich harvest in the squalor and poverty of the wigwags. As time went on there were many mounds and many unoccupied tents. Perhaps, after all, that mission was not a failure, for some of those blind souls, before they passed, may have caught a glimpse of the light of better things, of a future—who can tell?

A second time the lady stopped the coach. "I want you to bring a clergyman over, Mr. Huntoon," she said, with a ghost of her old blush. "My brother—he was my half brother, but I loved him very dearly—is dead. As I will not leave Mr. Saunders, we have decided to be married and continue our work here together."

A strange marriage ceremony took place when Bill returned, for the clergyman was afraid to leave the stage, reading the service from the top of the coach to those two sad victims of a noble ideal, who joined their wasted hands and went back to their work together. A pathetic picture framed in those grim old mountain shadows! Even that failure in the Piute camp was a glory to humanity, and their sacrifice was as pure and Heaven-reaching as the cloud-kissed snow on the white summits.

After this, as the time drew on to close the stage line for the winter, Bill thought often and deeply, and finally wrote a letter. The old gentleman had given him his address.

"If ever you see that silly fool, my daughter, tell her I will forgive her," he said at parting.

"Your dater ain't no fule, but is durn near a angel," wrote Bill; "an' she an' him that she married is like to starve this winter in them solitudes. I guess that wun't give ye no relish for yer vittles. Only you kin git them two inercents away."

The answer came in the person of the old gentleman himself; and as he rode to the camp with Bill, and heard the story of the mission, he wiped his nose vigorously and growled under his breath, whether from admiration or rage Bill never knew. With in-born delicacy the driver waited some distance from the camp while the father went to meet his daughter. It was all of an hour before he returned, and with him were the married couple in new attire, but looking sadly worn and ill.

"They've been fumigated, and I don't think there's any danger," said the old man; "and as most of the Indians are dead or getting well, I've persuaded Maria she owes a duty to her lonely old father."

As the driver started his horses he looked back and pointed to a grave under the pines.

"The death of the doctor was wuth wolumes ter me," he said, reverently. "I thort that kind hed died out with them old Pilgrim Fathers, but it was too much fur Pintes."

Maria reached out her thin hand to her husband.

"It was all a failure," she sobbed miserably.

"Someone else must judge," he answered, looking at the dazzling blue sky above—"someone who looks at intentions, not successes."

The old man coughed and reached for his handkerchief, but it was gone. He did not know where it was until after supper that night, when with much mystery Bill took him aside.

"You put it in yer pocket as you went ter climb on the stage," he said, "an' I see Blind Dog, who was snivelin' there, nip it. I didn't tell ye 'fore, as I didn't want ter hurt the feelings of them two saints."

"My stepson's life, and all the money, too, thrown away on those wretches—ten thousand dollars and more," cried the old man, fiercely.

"Mebbe them flossifers done some good," said Bill, hopefully. "An' arter all they was just Injuns; mighty poor sile, to use their way of talkin'."

To this day an observing passenger on the stage may see Blind Horse, grown fat and comfortable-looking, sunning himself before the door of the log cabin, the sole owner of the camp. He wears a battered tall hat, glassless spectacles, and a filthy blanket. His squaw, in the remains of a black alpaca gown, with a round hat and blue veil, familiar to Bill, cooks her lord's meal of some malodorous compound, while a dusky brood play around the ruins of a second cabin. Bill looks reverently toward a mound under the pines, sighs, and, if he is friendly with the passenger in the driver's seat, says:

"See that Injun thar?"

"The dirty one, with one eye?" the passenger invariably answers.

"Yep. Wal, that's a ten-thousand-dollar Injun," and forthwith relates the above story.



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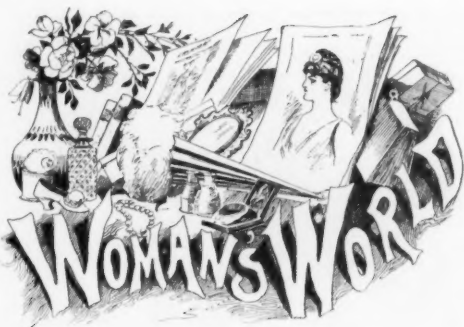
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[FAC-SIMILE FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," IN
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S HANDWRITING.]



An enterprising tailor on Fifth avenue has taken into his shop three beautiful, clever young women during the past week, and is teaching them the art of tailoring. Much is expected from this new venture.

All the newest wraps are not capes nor half-length jackets. There are a number of elegant long garments among the importations. But these long wraps follow the tendency of shorter ones in style. For instance, a handsome wrap is cut circular fashion. Plaits are laid from collar to waist-line at the back, and held to the figure by an inside belt. The fronts are folded back in two plaits, with the edges of the fronts well toward the shoulders. The space between is filled in with a flat, plain front closed with buttons. The arms come through the garment under the overlapping plaits of the fronts. This is akin to the Russian circular, with the exception of the back, which is full below the waist-line, the necessary material being allowed by folding the middle of the back of the goods in two deep plaits before cutting. Such wraps, fitted to figure back and front, are popular; but those with half-loose fronts are more preferred.

As a useful and simple ointment for sun-burn, nothing has been found better than rose-water and glycerine. Three parts of rose-water to one of glycerine.

Mary A. Ahrens was the only woman who qualified to practice in the new Court of Appeals recently formed in Chicago. She thus comes the nearest of admission to the Supreme Court of any Chicago woman.

Salt as a tooth-powder is better than almost anything else that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly bright, the gums hard and rosy.

Twelve per cent. of the working class of Great Britain are women, its percentage of working women being larger than is found in any other country in the world.

Miss Cora McDonald occupies the chair of history in the Wyoming State University, having been elected to that place by the regents of the university at a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars, equal to that received by men for similar service.

Eleven years ago Nellie Hayden was a salesgirl in a drygoods store in Boston, and now she is the wealthiest woman in Denver, thanks to lucky speculations in real estate.

Tufts of small curled feathers are much used for trimming dresses in the same sort of way that ribbon rosettes are used for catching up festooned flounces and placing elsewhere among laces.

Shaded pearl buttons are stylish on the mixed woolen goods that will be greatly worn this fall and winter.

There seems to be nothing in the business world at which women will stop. Now we have women hair-clippers who go from house to house, and not only shear madam's curly bangs and friz them, but who torment and frustrate monsieur's well-laid plots, founded on a shaving habit, to get to the club for an evening, by shaving, cutting and combing the master's hair, whiskers and moustache in his own house.

Major McKinley's invalid wife has a passion for needle work. Her fingers are rarely idle, and most of her work finds its way to fairs and charity bazaars.

The most noted woman novelist of Austria, Baroness Marie von Ebner-Eschenbock, is a woman of sixty-one years, the mother of seven children, and for twenty years she has been writing works of fiction.

The turquoise is still enjoying its revival. It used to be considered very bad form to wear colored jewelry or even pearls before dinner time, but everything is being gradually altered now, and all the old canons are passing into oblivion. Fifteen years ago it would have been considered excessively vulgar to wear a string of pearls around the neck on a winter afternoon in visiting dress. It appears to be considered correct now, though purists in millinery matters will never be likely to adopt these new modes.

The Rainy Day Club, which the women of Tacoma organized recently with the object of encouraging the wearing of ankle-high dresses in wet weather, in the interest of comfort and cleanliness, is finding imitators in various cities of that region. There is a Wet Weather Club, of women, in Olympia, and another is being formed in Aberdeen.

One of the Princess of Wales's most cherished jewels is a gold bracelet set with diamonds, and containing eight diminutive compartments, in each of which is a miniature of one of the peers' daughters who attended at her wedding.

Mrs. Bullock has incurred the displeasure of a host of young women by her assertion that six hundred thousand dollars is annually spent in New York for chewing-gum, in many brands of which opium is an ingredient.

Grease may be removed from silk by applying magnesia to the wrong side.

A tablespoonful of powdered alum, sprinkled in a barrel of water, will precipitate all impure matter to the bottom. An oyster shell in a tea-kettle will prevent the formation of crust on the inside.

To wash silverware, never use a particle of soap in the water, as it dulls the luster, giving the outside more the

Each tender deed and true
Each word, thought, sacrifice, ab: helps the world
By loving-kindness, use, or charity:
May - 'even one cup of water' - so He said
'Given in my name' - bring glimpse of God, & lead
Nearer a nearer to the Heart of All
Who shall be justified, when All is known
And the Eternal Wisdom whispers, glad,
He secret to the soul, laughing to learn
Death was so friendly, and these trials of life
So fruitful for all living things; & pain
Seed of sure pleasure; and our work world-wide
So like the foolish anguish of the babe
When the Mother - loving mother - smiles most."

from "The Light of the World"
p. 177.

Edwin Arnold

New York
Oct. 24. 1891

appearance of pewter than of silver. When it wants cleaning, rub it with a piece of soft leather and prepared chalk, the latter made with a kind of paste with pure water, as impure water might contain grit. Use silver if it is to be kept bright; do not tie it up in bags and set it away to tarnish. Use it all the time and it will stay bright and shining.

A splendid washing compound is made as follows: Pour one gallon boiling rainwater on two pounds potash. Let it get cold, then add two ounces salts of tartar, two ounces ammonia, and one gallon cold rainwater. Put in jugs and cork tightly.

Light-gray and lavender stockings are much worn now with evening gowns. They match any costume, and give the ankles a shapely look.

Silver-backed powder puffs are going to be very fetching and popular this season. Pink, white and blue down is practicable, but silver backs are certainly decreed by fashion to be the proper style.

London has a lady auctioneer.

We have heard of women, and even men, who wear gloves all night to keep the hands white. But it is only recently that an ingenious person has invented a glove, or mask, for the face with a similar end in view. This face-glove is said "to beautify, bleach and preserve the complexion." It is worn at night, and should be used three nights in the week. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness and other blemishes vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clean, brilliant and beautiful. It is presumably made of some sort of gutta percha. We really believe that if a mandate were to go forth from the temple of Fashion prescribing a helmet of iron as a very efficacious "complexion inducer," our fair sisters, wives and sweethearts would rush forth to secure the treasure at any cost.

Ellen Terry has set the fashion in London of wearing long black gloves at supper parties, and not removing them during the repast.

The State of Oregon is to have among its exhibits at the World's Fair a dish-washing machine invented by a woman. It is said to be the first machine of the kind that has ever proved a real success. Dishes will be washed and wiped in the presence of the public.

Miss Lizzie E. D. Thater, the train dispatcher of the New London Northern Railroad, is the only woman in the

country who holds a similar position. She is young, pretty and smart, and is as attentive to her duties as she is natty in dress and charming in manners.

Long sleeves will continue in fashion this winter. And the women who like delicate lace ruffles falling down over their hands and making them look small, may indulge in this fancy, and not only have the knowledge that they are in good taste, but also that it is a fashion approved of by the Queen of England.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Deckler, at Tiflis. These will be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be put in an album, with the title, "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century." Then the album will be sent to the Moscow Museum.

Miss Francis Willard is now insisting that no woman with the proper amount of self-respect will ever hereafter think of going on the streets with a dress that falls below the ankles.

The German Empress has formed a "League for the Preservation of Good Habits" among the Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury, to wear simple dresses and to practice economy in the household.

Chinese maidens pluck out their eyebrows.

Edward W. Bok says: "Taking English women as a rule, their skins are fine, delightfully white and soft—a mingling of alabaster and satin. Her neck is like a swan's. The shoulders and hips are frequently narrow, so that, unfortunately, graceful curves are too often unknown quantities in the list of the English woman's beauties. But if she has them, she is not proud of them."

The newest garment for the coming season is the military cape. It is by far the most agreeable wrap women have had since the fur-lined circular bade adieu to Dame Fashion. It is in length from thirty-five to thirty-six inches, and possesses all the requisites of comfort, elegance and grace. It follows the line of the figure in the back, and is easily slipped on and off, as should be the case in all heavy garments, for physiological reasons. This cape is made in fur of every description, from coney to sable. In mink, it is especially beautiful, and in seal, it is not infrequently adorned with Persian lamb, sable and mink.

The young Duchess of Portland has nine hundred and fifty women pledged to the Society for the Protection of Birds. None of them will wear or encourage the wearing of birds' plumage. If the feather-boa fad gets a much stronger hold in this country, a society will be necessary for the protection of Dominicker roosters from boa-makers, with a modicum of corn in one hand and a bucket of glue in the other.

A good way to discover the presence of moths, and also to destroy them, is to place a lighted candle in a basin of water. The moths will be attracted by the flame, and will drop into the water.

The French hair-dressers are circulating a petition which they will submit to the Minister of Fine Arts when it has five hundred thousand signatures. The purport of the document is that women be prohibited from appearing in their hats in the theaters subsidized by the Government, and that the coiffure of the ladies at such entertainments be according to the fashion devised by the Hair-dresser's Association. The cause of this strange request is that the trade in false hair has greatly decreased for the last few years, and the present fashion of dressing the hair in Grecian style threatens a still greater falling of in the trade.

You can prevent your pretty new gingham from fading if you let them lie for several hours in water in which has been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Put the dress in while the water is hot, and after several hours wring it out, wash and dry as usual.



Floral jewelry—The Mistletoe.

Helen Campbell says that there are twenty-seven thousand women in New York who support their husbands, and more than one hundred thousand who take care of themselves.

Coin buttons are still in use, and will probably continue so while the Louis and other antique coats are in favor.

The King of Annam has five hundred and seventy-nine better halves.

There are said to be over nine hundred women preachers in this country. The preponderance is in favor of the Universalist denomination.

The latest thing in table linen decoration is the butter-plate doily.

A woman is investigating the Patent Office in Washington to obtain models of women's inventions since the beginning of the world.

SPECIAL OFFER TO LADIES.

The following prizes will be given to ladies who send in the best essays, or articles, of about one thousand words each, upon the following subjects:—

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Answers must be sent in before December 5th, addressed, "Editor Woman's World, ONCE A WEEK, 521 West 13th Street, New York City." The awards will appear in the Christmas number, and the prize essays published.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



FASHIONABLE FRENCH TEA-GOWN AND JACKET.—1. Jacket in Nile green mousseline de laine or ottoman silk, trimmed down the loose fronts with trefolds in silver cord, corresponding with the tinsel piping which outlines the vest. Bracelet and bow in satin ribbon shot with silver, turned-down collar and deep cuffs to match. Full front, forming frilled basque, and double rabat in white mousseline chiffon.

2. Princess robe, with Watteau plaits extending as a square train in pink grenadine silk, and set off with a tinsel and beaded fringe drooping from the elbow sleeves; narrow gimp along the triangular opening of the neck. Lace flounces on each side of the bodice, from whence they are carried as cork-screw plaitings down to the hem of the skirt. Yoke, high collar, and front in brown satin merveilleux.

A GREAT RAILROAD MANAGER.

IN the past half century there has been developed a new and a great profession, that of "railroading," supreme success in which calls for such powers of leadership as one finds only and seldom in the cases of great generals, great statesmen and great financiers. The distinguishing qualities of all three of these may, indeed, be united in the person of one ranking railroad manager; though it would be difficult to-day to instance in illustration of this statement another name besides—or, at least, coequally beside—that of Frank Thomson, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Some months ago a Philadelphia newspaper secured a written vote from the more prominent railroad men of the country upon the question of leadership in their calling, and the highest rank was conceded to Mr. Thomson. Those who have met him personally, and those who are familiar with the results of his life-work, alike know the reason for this remarkable consensus of opinion. He is the foremost railroad manager of his time because he has the greatest grasp of his business; a broad and intimate knowledge of its multitudinous detail; a soundness and swiftness of judgment akin to that of Colonel Scott—under whom he served—and a tact as exquisite as Chauncey Depeu's.

It means very much, indeed, to be, as Mr. Thomson is, at the head of the practical affairs of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Years ago, when Colonel Thomas A. Scott was sounded by certain leaders of the Republican party as to his willingness to stand as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States, he shook his head. "No, no," said he, "I'd rather be president of the Pennsylvania Railroad." To-day that company is the wealthiest corporation in the world—a corporation employing more than one hundred thousand men and representing a capitalization of almost a half billion of dollars.

Mr. Thomson's success has been due alone to the exercise of his own abilities. Mastering early in life all the important details in the practical operation of railroads, he aided Colonel Scott in the execution of the greatest transportation movement of the late war—the transfer of two entire army corps, with their full equipment of artillery, horses and

camp supplies, from Washington to Chattanooga; and it was he who adapted and advanced to its present state of development the useful "block signal" system, which has resulted not only in increasing enormously the capacity of tracks for traffic, but in rendering as certain as possible the safety of travelers.

Mr. Thomson is only fifty years of age, a man of notable presence anywhere. There is in his face a suggestion of his Scotch ancestry, and there is in his manner always, and towards all sorts and conditions of men, the assurance of his breeding—his father having been a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, a distinguished judge, and a professor and doctor of laws.—(See page 13.)

FAN-TAN, the Chinese game of chance, is illustrated on our first page. Though apparently very simple, it has "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" attached. The betting is as to which corner the last disk is cast upon, going around the four corners of the table in rotation.

THE GREAT SIX-DAY INTERNATIONAL BICYCLE CONTEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

This contest created considerable interest, as the vast arena of Madison Square Garden was filled by an enthusiastic crowd at the close of the race. The following is the score at the finish:

	Miles.	Laps.		Miles.	Laps.
Martin	1,466	4	Schock	1,328	5
Ashinger	1,441	1	Albert	1,308	4
Lamb	1,382	0	Boyst	1,301	5

The last lap was made at thirteen minutes past ten, just 142 hours from the start. Both Martin and Ashinger break the world's record of 1,405 miles, previously held by Schock.

From the time the race began the total number of hours each man rested was: Martin, 15 hours; Ashinger, 32 hours, 25 minutes; Schock, 22 hours, 2 minutes; and Lamb, 31 hours, 25 minutes. Albert and Boyst each rested a trifle over forty hours.

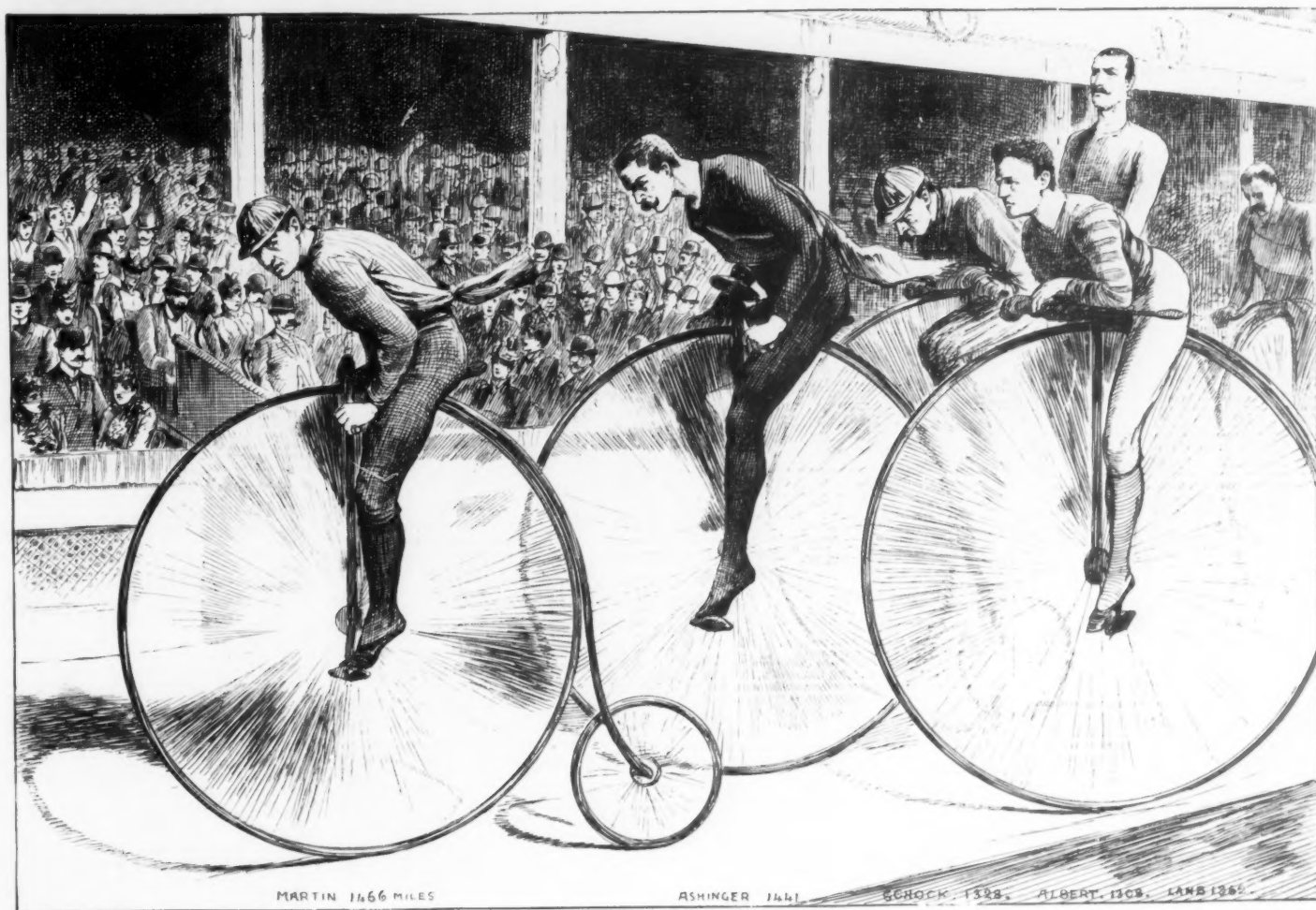
The previous best records were: First day, Morgan 317; second day, Morgan 550; third day, Morgan 760; fourth day, Morgan 975; fifth day, Schock, 1,300; sixth day, Schock 1,405.—(See page 13.)



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ASHINGER 1461

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NEW YORK—THE GREAT BICYCLE RACE. PORTRAITS OF WINNERS.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will soon have finished the revision of his complete works. He will thus, with Bancroft, Bryant and Lowell, enjoy the rare pleasure of witnessing the appearance of a final edition of his writings—a privilege which was not entirely accorded to Emerson, who died before the issue of the first volume of the definitive edition of his essays and poems.

James Russell Lowell was asked a few years ago by an intimate friend why he had never attempted a first-class novel of American life. "But I once did," said he. "I wrote it carefully, and, I think, well. The fact is, however, that I hadn't the courage to print it. I was brutally honest, and I put too much of myself and my own personal observations in it—my friends would have seen themselves in anything but lovely colors. So I was moved to burn it, the careful work of my official leisure during two years in Spain."

A new edition of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" is being issued in six volumes. The editor, Charles G. Crump, says, in his introduction, that Forster's edition of 1876 will be followed, with the addition of but one Conversation, that between Don Pedro and Inez di Castro, which has never been reprinted in its original prose form.

The British Museum will soon publish the poems of Herodas, together with other texts deciphered from recently acquired papyrus. Dr. Rutherford will edit them.

A Knickerbocker Nugget is Kinglake's "Eothen."

The third of the nine volumes which compass the Shakespeare edited by William Aldis Wright, contains "The Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," and "The Winter's Tale."

W. H. H. Murray has found a new poet—a youthful Canuck with the memorable name of Winkle. Nathless, Mr. Murray is confident that a great lyrical genius has come to the fore.

Professor Shaler has written a popular geographical work to be entitled "The Story of Our Continent."

There comes a tale of Mr. Marion Crawford which one would rather not believe, that upon being asked the other day, in Geneva, when he proposed returning to the United States to live, he replied: "When the people of the United States learn how to live."

Professor H. H. Boyesen seems to have found the field of literature in which he can work to best advantage. His "Mammon of Unrighteousness" is really one of the best efforts in contemporary fiction, a brilliantly faithful and picturesque glimpse of an interesting and familiar phase of American life.

It is the weighty opinion of Sir Alfred Lyall, as expressed in his lecture on "Natural Religion in India," that that country is the most favorable region on earth for an investigation of religion in the making—all grades of it, from the lowest animism up to the most philosophic Brahmanism, being present, with many transition stages clearly marked.

Another author's fad has come to light. Edward Everett Hale has developed a mild passion for the collection of half-starved and vagrant cats.

William Black has partly promised to accompany his friend, Thomas Nelson Page, next year on a salmon-fishing jaunt to the Restigouche.

Robert Louis Stevenson seems to be wholly content with his tranquil life in the South Seas. "For your clubs, for your footlights and your trottoirs," he said in a letter received the other day by a friend in Philadelphia, "I care nothing. Even rum enticeth me not. Here is the sea, the free salt air, and, moreover, primitive man. And here am I, and here I hope always to be, even as dust."

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The young lady who fancied cucumbers grew in slices has recently been married to the young gentleman who sent over to St. Petersburg a large cargo of hearthstones for cleaning the steppes of Russia.

AFTER a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside mysteriously, and whispered to him, "Can't you take the pay out in 'tatoes'?"

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ACCORDING to almost all the charts got up by the astrologers, what may be expected of girls born in different months is about as follows—

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.
If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.
If in March, a frivolous chatter-box, somewhat given to quarreling.
If in April, inconsistent, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.
If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.
If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.
If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.
If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich.
If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked.
If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.
If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition.
If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

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WHILE at church in Chicago an old lady happened to sneeze, and immediately every eye was turned toward her. When she reached home, she said to Dinah, her colored maid-of-all-work, who had been her companion at church, "Dinah, why didn't you take the blame of that sneeze on your shoulders? You should have made it appear as though it was you, not I, that sneezed." The next Sunday the old lady chanced at that instant to pause in his discourse, some of the young folk tittered, and there was a broad smile on the faces of the congregation as the simple-minded but faithful Dinah arose and said, "I takes de blame ob dat sneeze my missus hab just sneezed, on my own shoulders!"

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